nt by sale, without iriury to the owners. operty, that the proceeds may be divided the complainants and the said Charles Read, who owned it as tenants in common; It also prays a decree for the payment to the complainants of their just proportions of the rents and profits of the said land since 1814, whereupon it is ordered that the said complainants, by causing a copy of this order to be in-serted once a week for three successive weeks some news-paper before the 20th day of De ant to appear in this court on or before the 20th day of March next, to shew cause if any he why a decree should not pass as prayed.

True copy—Test,
RAMSAY WATERS, Reg. Cur. Can. Nov. 22.

Anne-Arundel County, Sct.

N application of John W. Baker of Anne-Arundel county, by petition in writing to me the subscriber, a Judge of the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county, stating that Court of Anne Arunger country the he is in actual confinement for debt, and prayng me to grant to him the benefit of the sulvent Laws of this state, a schedule of his as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed his petition, and the said John W. Baker having satisfied me by computent, testimony that he has resided two years next preceding the time of his application, within the state of Maryland, and I having appointed a trustee for he benefit of the creditors of the said John W. Baker, and the said trustee having given bond with security, approved by me, for the faithful performance of his said trust, and the said trustee being in possession of all the proerty of the said insolvent debtor, and the said John W. Baker having aiso given bund with security approved by me, for his personal ap pearance before the Judges of Aune Arundel county court on the third Monday of April next, to answer such interrogatories as may be propounded to him by any of his creditors, and also for his personal appearance before said county court on the third day of April next. for the final hearing of his application, agreea-bly to an act of assembly, entitled. "An act relating to insolvent debtors," and the several supplements thereto, to answer such allegations as may be filed against him by any of his cre-ditors and the said John W. Baker having before me taken the oath directed to be taken by the said insolvent laws for the delivery up of his property. these gre therefore to certify, that I have this day granted a personal discharge to the said John W. Baker. Given under my hand this sixteenth day of November, in the year

Nov. 22 INSOLVENT NOTICE.

GIDEON WHITE.

one thousand eight hundred and

RDERED BY. THE COURT, That the creditors of Joshua Neale, a petitioner for the benefit of the insolvent laws of this state, the benefit of the insolvent laws of this state, be and appear before the court at Leonard-town, St. Mary's county, on't he first Monday of March next, to file allegations, if any they have, and to recommend a permanent trustee.

By order, JO, HARRIS, Clk., True copy, Salat Mary's County Court-Nov. 29

COLLOR DEFENDE OF GOLDOR THAT the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans court of Anne Arundel county. letters of administration on the personal estate of John H! Worsey, late of said county decealed. All persons throng claims against said estate are requested to present them. legally authenticated, and these indebted are desired to make immediate payment.

Nov. 22.

CASE TOR REGROES. L WISH TO PURCHASE

100 LIKELY NEGROES,

Of both sever from 12 to 25 years of egging of egging the distinct of egging of the distinct of every do every

LIMBOR GARAGE

VOL. PXXXVII.

NO. 50.

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PRICE-THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM?

MISCELLANY. IDLE WORDS.

"My God!" the beauty oft exclaimed With deep impassioned tone— But not in humble prayer she named The High and Roly one. Twas not upon the hended knee, With soul upraised to heaven pleading with heartfelt agony, That she might be forgiven. Truss not in heavenly strains to raise To the great source of good Her daily offering of preise,— Her song of gratitude. But in the gay and thoughtless crowd, And in the festive hall, 'Mid scenes of mirth and mockery loud She named the Lord of All. She called upon that awful name, When laughter loudest rang-Or when the flash of triumph came-Or disappointments pang. The idlest thing that flattery knew, The most unmeaning jest From those sweet lips profanely drew Names of the Holiest. I thought how sweet that voice would be,

From the New England Weekly Review. THE TWO BRIDEGROOMS.

Breathing this prayer to heaven-'My God, I wor hip only thee;
O, be my sins forgiven!"

The sun went down on the plains of Pales tine, tinging with the redder hue the dark stains of battle. The infidel had retired; and the field, from whence, but a little time before, the clang of arms went up into the still skies of Syria, where the brazen helm and the pale crescent gave back their double flood of sunlight-and where chivalrous lances of Christendom borne down the infidel seimetar, lar silent beneath the darkness-save when some stifled groan, or muttered prayer of the dying, told that the work of death was yet

Bravely, had Rupert Merton and his bosom friend, the young Knight of Anselm, borne themsers in the terrible strife of that day. But, in the last struggle-just as the vast sea of turbans and scimetars rolled backwards from the fierce onset of the christian chivalry, they had been separated from each other: d Rupert, with a boding heart, discovered that his friend was not among the weary and warspent soldiers who gathered together in the Syrian twilight, with those mingled emo-tions of pain and triumph, which victory attained only by bitter sacrifices, must always inspire. He turned away from the congratulations of his nightly brethren, and sought the bloody scene of the recent encounter.

Fearful were the sight and sounds which pained the senses of Rupert Merton, as he the fierce death grapple. On one hand lay the tall and graceful form of the Moslein, with his brazen helmet and light armour, and on the other, the stalwart Knight of Christendom, girded in his cumbrous armour, like a thrown down statue of Iron, with his cross-handled sword still grasped in a hand which might never more lift its heavy gauntlet.— The writhing forms of the dying were around him—their ghastly countenances turned up-wards to the dim twilight—with here and there a friend bending anxiously over them. there a friend bending anxiously over them.

Rapert hurried onward. A low moan at his side at length, arrested his attention. He paused, and by the dim light he saw the familiar countenance of his friend. The hel met was off-and there was a ghastly paleness in the features which faintly smiled up-on him-Robert of Anselm had fallen.

his side. rallying his latest energies, murmured faintly - Merton, tell my lady, love, how I have fallen. Let her know that her Knight died in his armour, as a Knight should die.'
There was a struggle in his ghastly features als lips moved—the ear of Rupert listened in

Peace to thee, valiant knight!' said Rupert Merton, as he rose from bending over the manimate form of his friend. A braver never laid lance in rest, and a worthier never hever laid lance in rest, and a worther never knelt at the shrine of beauty! And he left him to the loneliness of the gathering night, which now hung over the hattle-field with the darkness of a funeral pall.

Two years had passed away, and one of

of love? Never! She had wept sadly at the story of his fall glorious as it was she had offered at many a thrile; prayers for the moble spirit which had pashed away threver.—
But tears may not always flow—the fountains which have been unsealed by the rude hand of affictiod may close again. So it was with the faily Eléanor. The tide of agony settled those intolithe calm melancholy of a spirit down into ithe cam melancholy of a spirit sanctified and made better by the trial of grief. And, when she know that there still remained strong in its bosom, early love of Rupert Merton—a love which his friendship for Robert had checked in its first revelations she listened to his words of affectionate consulation and sympathy. And she gave her plighted troth to the dearest friend of her warmest love.

They stood up together before the village church altar, and the multitude gazed on them with gratified eagerness. Both were palethere was a melancholy on their features, which told how deeply they had both tasted of the bitter fountains of existence. But in the noble bearing of Rupert, and in the chastened beauty of his lovely partner, those who looked on them found much to admire; and a whisper of delight ran round the assembly for ope moment, and then, as the imposing of the fort, they again raised the scalp halceremony commenced, all became silent once nore, in breathless attention.

A clatter of hoofs, as if a horseman was hurrying with the speed of life and death, startled the assemblage. The next moment the tall form of a knight in armour darkened the door of the church. The multitude gave way before his hasty and fierce stride.

'Hold!' he exclaimed in the loud tone of ommand-that lady is my betrothed bride. Lady Eleanor, I adjure thee, remember thy vow-break it not for a false traitor!'

All startled, and Rupert laid his hand on its sword. Sir Knight, he said sternly, as the hot blood rushed up to his pale forehead, at another time thou shalt be fitly answered, if it so prove that thou art worthy of knight-ly dealings.' And he turned again to the priest at the altar.

The eyes of the stranger shone like fire beneath the bars of his vizor. Rupert Merton! he shouted in a herce and loud voice let the ceremony be stayed, or the sanctuary of the living God shall not protect thee!

Dastard? returned Merton, and conveying his trembling bride to the hand of his kinsman, and confronting the intruder-Rupert Merton asks no other protection save his own good sword. If thou hast the spirit of a knight, follow me!

They strode through the church aisle together—and in another moment the quick clash of steel rang sharply on the ears of the horror-stricken assembly. The struggle was short—but desperate. Reckless of his own life, each seemed only to seek that of his enemy. Rupert, covered with wounds, reeled forward and grasped the throat of his enemy with that fierce strength which passion lends the last struggles of existence. His glazing eye blazed widely open as he passed his sword like lightning through the body of the stranger. It was a fatal blow. Both fell at the same instant; and, when the multitude gathered about them, they were dead. 'Unhelm the stranger, said the priest, as with a shudder he surveyed the dead forms before The helmet was unbound; and the him. The helmet was unbound; and the haughty and dark features of Robert of Anselin were exposed-features familiar to many who were present; although settled in the grimness of death.

The knight of Anselm had recovered from his wounds; he had escaped from the captivity of the infidel, and had sought his own loved Bugland, the home of his betrothed to die by the hand of Rupert of Merton! 'May God deal in mercy with their fierce spirits!' said the priest in a trembling voice.

And the people nurmured 'Amen.'
The lady Eleanor died in the cell of a convent, after living for years with a withered heart and a weary spirit—in that dream-like apathy of feeling—that cold, dull torpor of despair, which is broken only by the releasing touch of death.

From Sketches of Western Adventures. In the spring of the year 1755, James Smith, then a youth of eighteen, accompanied party of 300 men from the frontiers of Pennsylvania, who advanced in front of Braddock's army, for the purpose of opening a road over the mountain. When within a few miles of nountain the Bedford Springs, he was sent back to the rear, to hasten the progress of some wagons loaded with provisions and stores for the use of the road cutters. Having delivered his proders, he was returning, in company with an-Two years had passed away, and one of England's pleasant villages was chilvened with the gaiety and splendour of a merry bridal. It was the bridal of Rupert Merton to the lady-love of Robert of Anselm—the Lady-love of Robert of Companies the Lady-love of Robert of Companies and although he himself was unburt, yet his and although he himself was unburt, yet his and although he himself was unburt, yet his and although he himself was unburt. Yet his destruction as certain, and loved detheir destruction as certain, and loved their san the hour which was to deliver him from the power of the Indian From her and although he himself was unburt, yet his as the hour which was now within a mide of the forty but from New York. The other weening, and other young man, when they were suddenly fired upon by a party of three Indians, from a cedar thicket, which skirted the road.—

be provisions was given to the prisoner, and in other respects, although stillly granded, could look forward to nothing but forture or he was treated with great kindness. On the evening of the next day, after a rapide water of fifty miles, through cedar thickets, and or tune of the day, might, though the the formal of the could look forward to nothing but for evening of the next day, after a rapide water of fifty miles, through cedar thickets, and or tune of the day, might and stance the well know, tern side of the Laurel mountain, and, between side of the Laurel mountain, and, between side of the could be companied by long continued find maximum. His continuance of the control of the co dian encampment. His capture now fired their guns, and raised the scale halfool. This is a long yell for every scalp that has been taken, followed by a rapid succession of shrill, quick, piercing shrieks—shrieks somewhat resembling laughter in the most excited tones. They were answered from the Indian camp below, by a discharge of riffes, and a long whoop, followed by shrill cries of joy, and all thronged out to meet the party. Smith expected instant death at their hand, as they crowded around him; but, to his surprise, no one offered him any violence. They belonged to another tribe, and entertained the party in their camp with great hespitality, respecting the prisoner as the property of their guests.

On the following morning, Smith's captors continued their march, and on the evening of the next day, arrived at Fort Du Quesnenow Pittsburgh. When within half a mile loo, and fired their guns as above. Instantly the whole garrison was in commotion. The cannon were fired—the drums were beaten, and French and Indians ran out in great numbers to meet the party, and partake of the triumph. Smith was again surrounded by a inultitude of savages, painted in various co-lours, and shouting with delight; but their demeanous was by no means as pacific as that of the last party he had encountered.— They rapidly formed in two lines, and brandishing their hatchets, ramrods, switches, &c. called aloud upon him to run the gauntlet.before, he stood amazed for some time, not knowing what to do; but one of his captors explained to him, that he was to run between the two lines, and receive a blow from each Indian as he passed; concluding his explanation by exhorting him to 'run his best,' as the faster he ran the sooner the affair would be o ver. This truth was very plain-and young Smith entered upon his race with great spirit. He was switched very handsomely along the lines, for about three-fourths of the distance, the stripes only acting as a spur to greater exertions, and he had almost reached the extremity of the line, when a tall chief struck him a furious blow with a club apon the back of the head, and instantly felled him to the ground. Recovering himself in a moment, he sprung to his feet, and started forward again, when a handful of shud was thrown in his eyes, which, in addition to the great pain, completely blinded him. He still attempted to grope his way through, but was again knocked down and beaten with merciless severity. He soon became insensible under such barbarous treatment, and recollected nothing more, until he found himself in the hospital of the fort, under the hands of a French Surgeon, beaten to a jelly, and unable to move a limb. Here he was quickly visited by one of his captors-the same who had given him such good advice, when about to commence his race. He now inquired, with some interest, if he felt very sore.' Young Smith replied that he had been bruised al-

most to death, and asked what he had done to merit such barbarity. The Indian replies, that he had done nothing, but that it was the that he had done nothing, but that it was the customary greeting of the Indians to their prisoners—that it was something like the English how d'ye do?' and that now all ceremony would be laid aside, and he would be treated with kindness. Smith inquired if they had any news of Gen. Braddock. The Indian replied, that their scouts saw him every day from the mountains—that he was advancing in close columns through the woods vancing in close columns through the woodswancing in close columns through the woods—
(this he indicated by placing a number of red sticks parallel to each other, and pressed close together)—and that the Indians would be able to shoot them down like pigeons.'

marching up, an unknown belte and the insignia of my office, a white rose on my breast, I was almost thrown into an involuntary fit of laughter, by thinking how you would be amused if you could see me. Toto shoot them down like pigeons.' Smith rapidly recovered, and was soon able to walk upon the battlements of the fort, with the aid of a stick. While engaged in this exercise, on the morning of the 9th —, he observed an unusual bustle in the fort. The and groomsmen, we disappeared also." From the New York Gazette. A FISHING PARTY.

On Friday the 2d ult. four young men started from New York in a small boat on a fishing excursion, and nothing was heard of them by their friends until Saturday last when news

Indians stood in crowds at the great gate, armed and painted. Many barrels of powder, balls, flints, &c. were brought out to them, from which each warrior helped himself to such articles as he required. They were soon joined by a small detachment of French soon joined by a suari detachment of recording regulars, when the whole party marched of together. He had a full view of them as they passed, and was confident that they could not exceed four hundred men. He soon learned that it was detached against Braddock, who was now within a mile of the fort; but from

shrings, and accompanied by long continued firings. This too purely, announced the fate of the day, About dust, the party returned to the furt, driving before, them twelve British their tish regulars, stripped naked; and with their faces painted black! an evidence that the unhappy wretches were devoted to death. Next came the Indians, displaying their bloody and dressed in the scarlet coats, sashes, and military hats, of the officers and soldiers. Behind all, came a train of baggage horses, laden with piles of scalps, canteens, and all the accourrements of British soldiers. savages appeared frantic with joy, and when Smith beheld them entering the lort, dancing, yelling, brandishing their red tomahawks. and waving their scalps in the air, while the great guns of the fort replied to the incessant discharge of the rifles without, he says, that turning loose its inhabitants upon the upper world. The most inclancholy spectacle was the band, of prisoners. They appeared dejected and appious. Poor fellows! They had but a few months before left London, at the command of their superiors, and we may ca-sily imagine their feelings, at the strange and dreadful spectacle around them .- The yells of delight and congratulation were scarcely over, when those of vengeance began. The devoted prisoners (British regulars) were led out from the fort to the Banks of the Allegheny, and, to the eternal disgrace of the French commandant, were there burnt to death, with the most awful tortures. Smith stood upon the battlements, and witnessed the shocking spectacle. The prisoner was tied to a stake, with his hands raised above is head, stripped naked, and surrounded by Indians. They would touch him with red hot irons, and stick his body full of pine splinters, and set them on fire-drowning the shricks of the victim in the yells of delight with which they danced around him. His companions in the mean time stood in a group near the stake, and had a foretaste of what was in reserve for each of them. As fast as one prisoner died under his tortures, another filled his place, until the whole perished. All this took place so near the fort, that every ears of the French commandant!

Two or three days after this shocking spec tacle, must of the Indian tribes dispersed, and returned to their homes, as is usual with them after a great and decisive battle. Young Smith was demanded of the French by the tribe to whom he belonged, and was immediately surrendered into their hands.

The following description of a marriage festival in Boston, is by an English Travel

A family circle of about 20, gradually assembled, and at 7. the ceremony was per-formed in the drawing room, with considerable salemnity. I was glad to find the bride-maids very agreeable, and that one, of whom I was to have the especial charge, was very handsome. Our duties began immediately af ter tea, as it is the strange custom in Boston to see company the same evening; it is the office of the groomsman to meet the ladies on the stairs, and conduct them to the bride, who sits or stands at the end of the drawing room, with her maidens, to receive all who are presented to her. We had the honour of presenting to her nearly all the beauty and fashion of Boston, and I have not very often seen more beauty in one room. Sometimes while marching up, an unknown belle on my arm, wards the close of the evening it was no casy matter to work our way through the assem-bled crowd. About ten o'clock all had disappeared but the bridal party, and after a lit le social supper prepared for the bridemaids,

was received that three of them had arrived at New Orleans, in a vessel that had, taken them up, after they had been blown out to sea, on the Monday following their departure

with the accompanying remarks, will be read

loosed from her moorings to put to sea, she was visited by several friends and strangers, whom benevolence or curiosity attracted to witness the departure of the emigrants. They witness the departure of the emigrants. They were very cheerful, smiling gaily at the prospect, before them. A hymn was sung, in which the officers and crew, emigrants, and visitors, mitigled their voices in unfeigned solemnity. After which, Rev. Mr. Donans made an affectionate and pertinent address, and invoked on them the blessings of Almighty God. When he extended them the parting hand, and bade them adieu furever, they seemed overcome by a sense of our kindness, and burst into tears. Thus departed, accompaniburst into tears. Thus departed, accompaniburst into tears. Thus departed, accompani-ed by the sympathies and prayers of the pa-triot and the Christian, the first expedition of emigrants to Liberia, from the Valley of the Mississippi, and the port of New Orleans." Some of these were perhaps native Afri-caus, all doubtless knew very well where they were going, and had they no joy in li-berty. no gratitude, nor hope, are human

berty, no gratitude, nor hope, nor human love. Heard they never by day, nor dreamed by night of the golden-rivered land of the plantsin? Or felt they less keenly than we should feel the common desire of our race, to breath away lingering life in the vales of our infancy, and to slumber in death with the bones of buried ancestors around us? Not such was the opinion of Mungo Park. The poor negro,' said he, 'feels this desire in its full force. No water is sweet to him, but what is drawn from his own well, and no tree has so cool and pleasant a shade as the tabbatree of his own hamlet.

When war compels him to leave the de-When war compets him to leave the uc-lightful spot where he first drew his breath, and to seek safety in some other kingdom, the time is spent in talking of the country of his ancestors, and no sooner is peace restored than he turns his back on the land of strangers, hastens to rebuild his fallen walls, and exults to see the smoke ascend from his na-

And who can enjoy, more than the philanthropist of the West and South, this sweetest happiness of giving happiness to others? Who happiness of giving happiness to others? Who can tell better than they, what freedom is, and what the soul's yearning may be over the loss of that holy boon? God speed them to make a freeman of the slave and a citizen of the freeman, and to send him back to the shores of his own radiant and verdurous land. The skies shall smile upon them, and the soil shall be sacred soil. There let them lay the foundation of an empire, in silence and in peace. Ages hence, it may still stand, a mo-nument of praise to this, immuttal and beau-tiful as the stars. Even then, though their own proud republic should live but in history, it may still be at least an asylum, where he that has wandered and wept from his childhood, shall again exult in the smoke of his village, and again

"Shall drink at noon
The palm's rich nectar, and lie down at eve
In the green pastures of remembered days,
And walk;—to wander and to weep no more On Congo's mountain coast, or Gambia's golden shore."

A letter, post marked New-Orleans was lately received at the New-York Post Office, the postage on which was \$288; which sum was paid at the New-Orleans Office. With the exception of a letter from Newport R. I. during the late war, this is the greatest amount of postage on any one letter received since the establishment of the New-York Post Office. The postage on the Newport letter exceeded 8400, and was promptly paid. It contained the log book of a Privateer, and was to be used in evidence in a case then pending in the Admiralty Court.

Jour. of Com.

RIFLE SHOOTING.
A gentleman of this city, with a rifle, hit the size of a six cent piece, at a distance of thirty yards, thirty-one times in thirty-six shots. This unusual performance was made in deciding a wager, that in fifty shots, he would have a clear majority of twenty-five hits. The firing was from a rest in an open field, with a rifle carrying about fifty balls to a pound, and sighted in the usual manner. The object shot at was a piece of white card cut in the form of a six cent piece, and pasted on a dark ground. What is remarkable, he accomplished sixteen hits in succession, and eight of the number carried away the centre of the object shot at .- A. Y. Courier. -020-

In a very liberal and complimentary critique of Griffin's Remains, Blackwood's Magazine has the following whimsical remark: The face of an American, however handsome, seems to an English ear or eye, (we know not which, so let us any both,) to be perpetually playing, as from an invisible Jew's harp, the tune of Kankes Doodle.

Dog-Distemper.—To prevent the distemper in your dog, take a small fat piece of pork, and sleep with it between your toes; this will also prevent him foaming at the mouth.

A New Jersey Editor says that a man who to Georgia to drive negroes or to fight andi-fiers."